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RECENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE CLASSICS

(Especially in the Loeb Classical Library)

(Continued from pages 147, 154)

Another addition to the Loeb Classical Library is the translation of the *Odyssey*, I–XII, by Professor A. T. Murray, of Stanford University. In his Introduction (x), Professor Murray writes thus:

. . . while much of modern Homeric criticism has been analytic and destructive, in many important respects recent studies have shown that both the methods and the results of destructive criticism are misleading, and have given stronger and more convincing grounds for a belief in the essential integrity of both poems, each as the work of one supreme artist.

One more quotation from the Introduction (xi) may be given:

The aim of the translator has been to give a faithful rendering of the *Odyssey* that preserves in so far as possible certain traits of the style of the original. Such a rendering should be smooth and flowing and should be given in elevated but not in stilted language. In particular the recurrent lines and phrases which are so noticeable in the original should be preserved. Hence even when in a given context a varying phrase would seem preferable, the translator has felt bound to use the traditional formula. This has in some instances necessitated the use of a more or less colourless phrase, adapted to various contexts.

By way of a specimen, I give Professor Murray's translation of 1.1–10, and of 6.99–109:

Tell me, O Muse, of the man of many devices, who wandered full many ways after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy. Many were the men whose cities he saw and whose mind he learned, aye, and many the woes he suffered in his heart upon the sea, seeking to win his own life and the return of his comrades. Yet even so he saved not his comrades, though he desired it sore, for through their own blind folly they perished—fools, who devoured the kine of Helios Hyperion; but he took from them the day of their returning. Of these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, beginning where thou wilt, tell thou even unto us.

Then when they had had their joy of food, she and her handmaids, they threw off their head-gear and fell to playing at ball, and white-armed Nausicaa was leader in the song. And even as Artemis, the archer, roves over the mountains, along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, joying in the pursuit of boars and swift deer, and with her sport the wood-nymphs, the daughters of Zeus who bears the aegis, and Leto is glad at heart—high above them all Artemis holds her head and brows, and easily may she be known, though all are fair—so amid her handmaidens shone the maid unwed.

It will be interesting to compare this translation with that by Butcher and Lang, or that by Professor George

Herbert Palmer, of Harvard University (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1891).

In the *Stratford Journal*, a periodical described on its cover as a "Forum of Contemporary International Thought", 1.63–108 (September–December, 1917), there was published a translation, in verse, of the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, by Mr. Henry T. Schnittkind, one of the editors of the *Journal*. Sometimes the translation pleases me much; sometimes it displeases me equally. Perhaps the following quotations will give a fair view at once of its merits and its demerits (see *Most.* 157–173, 313–335):

Philem. I've never yet been laved in such delight;
No water is more cool or crystal bright.

Sc. There's not a thing but proper harvest yields;
And as we sow, thus reap we in the fields.

Philem. What has my bath, or I, with this to do?
Sc. No more than this has with your bath or you.

Philol. [aside] O, lovely love, this is my whirling wind
That stripped me of my will and maimed my mind.
A flood of passions poured into my breast,
And now I have no shelter and no rest;
Within my heart a-rotting are the walls,
And all my shattered frame in ruin falls.

Philem. Does this become me? for I wish to please
My patron and my love, Philolaches.

Sc. 'Tis not the dress that lovers love the best,
But comely maids in comely manners dressed.

Philol. [aside] Upon my word, the jade is very witty;
Her lovers' saws and maxims are quite pretty.

Philem. I say, my Scapha.

Sc. Well?

Philem. Prithee, look here,
And tell me if this dress becomes me, dear.

Sc. Yourself, my charming mistress, are so fair,
That you look well in any dress you wear.

Cal. 'Tis meet that I meet
My friend for the treat
And the banquet and revels and joys;
So away then I slipped,
From the others I skipped,
For their gossip most always annoys.
But pray, now, look here,
And answer me, dear
Do I seem to be du-du-du-drunk?

Del. You look just as good
As ever you should;

You seem to be all full of spunk.

Cal. Do you want me to squeeze you?

Del. Why sure, if it please you.

Cal. Oh, thank you; now pray, lead the way.

Del. Don't fall now, my lovey.

Cal. My sweet do-do-dovey,
You will keep me from going astray.

But please let me fall

Del. I don't mind at all.

Cal. [*Grasping her*] But whatever I hold must fall, too.

Del. My darling, my own,
'Twon't befall you alone,
For if you fall, then I'll follow you.

Cal. And some passer-by

Del. Will come, as welie,

Both. And lift us, my bubsy, my sweet.

Cal. But where do we go?

Oh, surely you know,

To my home for a right royal treat.

Del. But where do we go?

Oh, surely you know,

To your home for a right royal treat.

In the Loeb Classical Library has appeared a translation of Thucydides, 1-2, by Professor Charles Forster Smith, formerly of the University of Wisconsin, well known, by his editions of various books of Thucydides, and by his articles, e. g. in *The Transactions of the American Philological Association*, for his studies in Thucydides. The Introduction (vii-xix) deals with Thucydides's life and his great work. On pages xiii-xv Professor Smith declines to accept the view of F. W. Ullrich, *Beiträge zur Erklärung des Thucydides*, that Books 1-5.26 formed a separate treatise which was composed between the Peace of Nicias and the Sicilian Expedition, and then published. He is willing to admit that 1-5.26, the account of the Archidamian War, was quite likely composed mainly in the interval between 421 and 416 B. C.,

but that it received important additions after the fall of Athens seems certain, e. g. II. lxxv on the career of Pericles. So much may well be admitted for Ullrich's hypothesis, but it is not necessary to admit more.

In an article entitled *The Book Divisions of Thucydides*, in *Classical Philology* 15:73-82 (January, 1920), Professor Robert J. Bonner, of the University of Chicago, also discusses this matter (80-82), independently (Professor Smith's translation had not appeared when this paper was written and set up in type). He, too, refuses to regard 1-5.26 as a distinct entity, separately published. It may be remarked that Professor Smith regards as "reasonable" the view set forth by Classen, in the Introduction to his edition of Book 5, as to the growth of Thucydides's history under its author's hands.

As a specimen of Professor Smith's translation I give his rendering of 2.37 (part of the famous funeral speech of Pericles):

We live under a form of government which does not emulate the institutions of our neighbours; on the contrary, we are ourselves a model which some follow, rather than the imitators of other peoples. It is true that our government is called a democracy, because its administration is in the hands, not of the few, but of the many; yet while as regards the law all men are on an equality for the settlement of their private disputes, as regards the value set on them it is as each man is in any way distinguished that he is preferred to public honours, not because he belongs to a particular class, but because of personal merits; nor, again, on the ground of poverty is a man barred from a public career by obscurity of rank if he but has it in him to do the state

a service. And not only in our public life are we liberal, but also as regards our freedom from suspicion of one another in the pursuits of every-day life; for we do not feel resentment at our neighbour if he does as he likes, nor yet do we put on sour looks which, though harmless, are painful to behold. But while we thus avoid giving offence in our private intercourse, in our public life we are restrained from lawlessness chiefly through reverent fear, for we render obedience to those in authority and to the laws, and especially to those laws which are ordained for the succour of the oppressed and those which, though unwritten, bring upon the transgressor a disgrace which all men recognize. C. K.

(To be concluded)

A ROMAN 'HALL OF FAME'

In his Odes, 4.8, Horace tells his friend, Censorinus, that he would gladly follow the fashion and make him a present of some goblet or bronze or other work of art, were he himself a rich man and his friend in need of such curios. But he knows that Censorinus is fond of poetry, and poetry is just what Horace can give. He then proceeds to set forth the value of poetry, in verses which have brought down upon themselves a greater storm of criticism than any other portion of the text of Horace (13-24):

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
non incendia Karthaginis inopiae
eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa
lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
laudes quam Calabrae Pierides, neque,
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliacae
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
obstaret meritis invida Romuli?

Nearly all editors from Bentley² on have objected that Horace knew Roman history too well to confuse the

¹This paper, if its main positions are well taken, is of prime interest to students and teachers of Vergil as well as to devotees of Horace. C. K.

²"In quibus horribilis sane hallucinatio est quae vix in ullum hominem de media plebe cadere potuit. Primo enim *Hannibalis fugam et Carthaginiis incendium* uni et eidem Scipioni ascribit. Atqui Hannibalem ex Italia retraxit P. Cornelius P. f. Scipio anno A. U. C. DL <B.C. 203>; idemque diem suum obiit circa annum A. U. C. DLXVI <B.C. 187>. Carthaginem vero incendit P. Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus, filius quidem L. Paulli Aemilii, nepos vero superioris Scipionis adoptivus, A. U. C. DCVII <B.C. 146>, plus annis XL ab alterius obitu. Deinde Ennius inquit in poemate suo *Carthaginiis incendium* attigisse; cum Ennius A. U. C. DLXXXIV <B.C. 169> mortuus sit, neque Annales suos ultra annum A. U. C. DLXVII <B.C. 186> deduxerit. Quid cum illo facias, qui talia portenta admittit; qui avum a nepote, Punicum bellum secundum a tertio nescit distinguere; qui dimidii saeculi intervallum susque deque habet? . . . Quid enim? an ille < = Horatius >, re fere recente, tum id ignoraverit, quod hodie decimo et septimo post saeculo pueri decennes sciunt? Fidem hominum appellamus: apage tam vesanam suspicionem: numquam hoc, O Flacce, de te credemus. . . . Quid enim vultis, o boni? Nullumne habuit amicorum (recitare enim iis sua omnia ante editionem solebat) qui tam conspicuum errorem tollere posset aut vellet? qui tam reconditum arcanum proderet, duos fuisse Scipiones, cognomine Africanos? O rem ridiculam! . . . Ego vero, cum prisco Catone *Carthaginem delendam esse* censo; et, spurio illo versu abolito, sic ceteros continuandos esse,

non celeres fugae
reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae
eius qui domita nomen ab Africa.

Agnosco enim versum *Monachalis* plane ingenii et coloris".—A discussion of the neglected caesura in 17 follows.